Touch Aversion - burns like hell

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by reid_simp

Summary

Will doesn’t know what to do with himself. There’s blood all down his face and on his shirt and it’s clinging to his skin. Will nods and it really fucking hurts.

The Italian cops don't take Will with Hannibal to Mason, and Will deals with the actual hole in his head.

“Will, you have to calm down.” Will is barely breathing, blood pouring from his forehead. They took Hannibal away, left Will and Jack tied up. He can’t breathe. This is too much. Far too much to handle. “Will, it’s going to be okay. You know he didn’t get anywhere near far enough in to cause any permanent damage.”

He's struggling against the restraints, though the drugs still make him hazy. His hands are shaking; all of him is shaking. He can’t speak loud enough for Jack to hear, so his whispers go un-understood. His frantic rants about blood loss and head injuries.

He knows they’re highly superficial, that they bleed a whole lot, even if they aren’t that deep. He knows he’ll survive, if anyone bothers to find them here. He rationally knows that the IV filling Jack with a paralytic will run out, and he’ll save the both of them. He knows Mason will probably take Hannibal and kill him somewhere, and he won’t hurt Will anymore.

He's ranting it all repeatedly, but none of it is calming him down. “Will, look, open your eyes. Look at me.” He repeats it a few times before Will hears him and manages to open his eyes. He'd shut them before because everything had been wrong and twisted, by the drugs and the shock. Now it’s not so bad. He can almost clearly see Jack’s face as he’s used to. “We’re going to get out of here. You know that. It’s going to be okay. This is an awful, awful situation. But it’s going to be okay.”

It takes hours for the IV to run out, and then another thirty minutes for Jack to be able to move enough to untie Will. He’s not bleeding anymore, but he’s not much more present than he had been three hours ago. Will is... sort of breathing evenly, even if every five minutes he slips into some sort of panic attack slash meltdown; though Jack can never be too sure, particularly as Will was never diagnosed with any form of neurodivergence, though he knows that doesn’t in any way mean he isn’t, and he’s always suspected. Now he knows how much more he could have done to support his ‘something of a prodigy’.

Will doesn’t know what to do with himself. There’s blood all down his face and on his shirt and it’s clinging to his skin. Jack is finally breaking him out of his restrains; it feels like days but he knows it’s probably been a few hours because Jack isn’t hungry or tired. He can’t feel anything; his body feels like It's falling apart; his head feels on fire like it did in the worst of his encephalitis.

Jack’s hands are on his stomach to get the restraint off him, and the touch burns like hell. He starts to groan uncontrollably, trying to bat away Jack’s hands with his, but it hurts on his hands, too. His tendency of touch aversion is something he’s forced himself to mask for years, because it’s not what people expect from him, particularly since joining the FBI and teaching at the academy. “Lea- mmm... al’ne.”

“Will, I know this is hell, but I'm getting you out of here. You need to go to a hospital.” Wrong thing to say. Will can’t go to the hospital. In his overstimulated mind, he knows the catastrophe that would entail. He’s bad in hospitals at the best of times. He can’t; he just can’t take any more.

“Noo...” He tries to sound assertive, but he’s not particularly functioning enough for that.

“Will, I’m so sorry for this, okay? I should’ve have gotten you involved in all this. I'm sorry I have to touch you, but I have to get you out of here, okay?” I won’t take you to a hospital if you *really* want.” Will nods and it really fucking hurts, but he’s struggling to talk. He doesn’t know if it’s the head injury, or if he’s going non-verbal.

Jack frees Will and it takes another three hours for him to calm down enough for Jack to help him clean blood from his face and get into some clothes they find; the only ones they found with the least tags and itchy material. It usually doesn’t bother Will anymore, or he pretends it doesn’t, but he can’t take it right now.

There's a first aid kit in the apartment they’re in, which Will eventually allows Jack to clean him up with. Then they venture outside to find a phone to call the FBI, Hannibal having taken theirs, and them being yet to find them. Jack is reluctant to bring Will out with him in the state he’s in, but he hardly has a choice, considering Mason’s corrupt police could change their mind and come back for him at any moment. He waits until Will is ready; or at least when he says he’s ready, though Jack can tell the exhaustion is plaguing him.

By the time the FBI arrive with Price and Zeller, ready to follow any lead available to catch Hannibal, Will is back to masking, though he’s gone pretty much non-verbal and has taken a two-hour nap.

“Ready to go home Will?” Jack places a hand on Will’s back before he can think about it.

“Mm... mm leave me alone.” He flinches away and puts distance between himself and Jack. He can’t deal with this, can’t have this anymore.

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